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1907



ONE

One Book
Of Rhymes

One Look
Betimes

One Smile

One Frown

The While

One Brown



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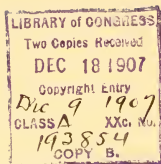
ONE

One Book
Of Rhymes
One Look
Betimes
One Smile
One Frown
The While

Stephen H. Brown

One Brown

Illustrations by
A. B. CHAPIN



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G. E. COLLINGWOOD

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To the gentle-natured benefactors of the human race who, from the stockholder to the pick holder, make successful railroading possible, this little book is cordially dedicated.

Grateful acknowledgement is extended to

The Kansas City Star
The Kansas City Times
The Kansas City Journal
The Church Progress
The Saint John Globe
The St. John Star
The Kansas City, Kansas, Globe
The Railway Conductor

for favors bestowed in publishing from time to time the matter herein collected.

ONE BROWN.

AN APOLOGY

The perpetrator of this collection of rhymes and stories has spent many years of his life in the railroad service. He has found an inexpressible amount of pleasure and satisfaction in living and laboring among railroad men. Many of the things which have seemed to him amusing, he has put into rhyme or anecdote.

No literary merit is claimed for the productions. The writer, however, feels that most of them will appeal especially to railroad men and their families.

The undersigned claims the acquaintance and friendship of many railroad men of high and low degree in all parts of this beautiful continent and to each of them and to all others he extends his kindest greeting.

S. H. BROWN,
Kansas City, Kansas.

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DOROTHY.

The children were frolicking out in the yard—
Their romping was pleasant to see—
Till three-year-old Phyllis was bumped pretty hard
By falling against the haw tree.
The poor little treasure gave vent to a scream,
And cried rather hard for a while,
But Dorothy, who is a living sunbeam,
Brought to each little face a bright smile.
She tenderly took the hurt child by the hand
And led little Phyllis away
To where she could fill the toy cake-tins with sand
And make pies of stones, sand and clay.
Then Dorothy ran to the house for a rag,
And, soaking it wet as could be,
She gravely returned, as the children played tag,
And poulticed the bruise—on the tree.

(An episode in the life of a conductor whose "chain gang" run leads him away from home for a week or two at a time.)

A charming little letter from a maiden sweet and fair
Arrived today, my journeyings to bless.
I read it o'er and o'er again, while lolling in my chair,
For it is full of love and tenderness.

Indeed, it is a paradox; for being very brief,
It yet contains more entertaining news
Than all the daily papers which portray life's joy and grief
And all the magazines! Doubt, if you choose.

My fancy sees such cheering words of sweet encouragement,
To lead me on in paths of peace and right.
O, such an all-absorbing love within my heart is pent;
For she is all my own, my life, my light.

She writes of all her hopes and joy in such a simple way,
I cast my heart and fortune at her feet,
O what a pleasure 'tis to know that soon again the day
Will come when I my treasured one shall greet.

Though separated now from this, the girl whom I hold dear,
I stray but for a time without the fold.
My wife sends frequent messages of truthfulness, and cheer,
But this is from my daughter—six years old.

The letter:

PapA: Love to paPA
A B c d E F g H i J k L M
Z y X W V u T s r Q p o N
FlorENcE.

Hank Hogan was once station agent
On the old Worn and Wobbly line.
(And that's a position where talent
Has never, indeed, ceased to shine.)
A chap to make good as an agent,
In a village like Oskamaclouth,
Must have a head loaded with knowledge;
And be, too, a right spriggently youth.
For his duty as mere station agent
Is only a drop in the jug.
He must wear a blue suit with brass buttons
And a cap—o'er a glad, smiling mug—

With a gilded badge over the visor
Engraved with his title and road
So that any one harboring a grievance
Will know at once where to "unload."
His manners must simply be perfect;
His office be tidy and neat;
His records be kept with precision;
Remittances prompt and complete.
The town's telegraphing is handled
By him. He is messenger too;
Express agent, (Postmaster sometimes),
Police judge and mayor and a few
Other things that are quite as important.
He personifies 'hustle and stir;
And for these multitudinous duties
His pay is about "forty per."
Hank Hogan, one sad luckless day
From duty's narrow path did stray
For he so far forget himself
To yearn to see upon the shelf
One dozen black lead pencils so
That he could make some sort of show
Of the importance of his job
Which often caused his heart to throb.

Said he: "I'll order them, by George!
To see this old trunk line disgorge."

A requisition blank he got
And straightway on its page did jot
A list of blanks required for
The following three months or more.
He ordered ink and pens—a few—
Pencils, one dozen No. 2.

A week thereafter came a box
From where the railroad kept its stocks
Of stationery and supplies.
Hank thought he now would realize
His hope to have a dozen leads.
Alas! hopes hang by slender threads.
Instead of twelve there was but one
And it the cheapest under the sun.

Hank gravely took his jack-knife out
And opened it, then turned about
And grasping the pencil, sadly said:
Such liberality has shed
So much of joy into my life
That I'll divide it, with my knife,

And send half of this pencil back
To General Superintendent Black.

L'Envoi.

When Mr. Black received the note
That Hogan in his anger wrote;
He said: "That certainly is rank
And I, forwith, shall fire Hank!"

THE POLITICIAN'S LAMENT.

On this crisp December morning,
As I scan the clouds on high,
I behold the somber warning
Of the snow that soon will fly;
As I think of all the deary,
Doleful days to come and go;
Days to make the heart grow weary;
Weary of the frost and snow.
I would fain cry out in passion,
And with voice uplifted say:
"Let December be the fashion,
Let her linger here for aye!"
Spring, ah, yes, I well remember
Spring, with all its flowers and grass.
Spring is pleasant, but December
Is the limit on my pass!

A youth left Massachusetts for the West
And sought the town he thought would be the best
In which to woo Dame Fortune with success
And bask beneath her beaming loveliness.
He stopped in Kansas City and he said,
"Here's where I'll camp to win my daily bread!"
He showed a marked degree of wisdom, for
This happened twenty years ago or more.
That's not so long ago, but, even then,
The Union Depot was an ancient den.

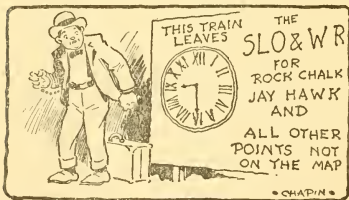
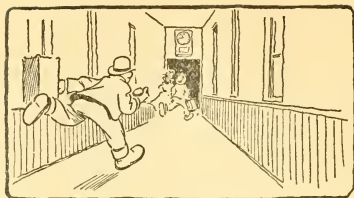
The youth was thrifty, bright and full of vim
And Fortune cast her welcome smile toward him.
He thought of little else than real estate
And from a modest start grew passing great.
One day an envoy of the depot clan
Besought a'interview with this good man—
Who now owns land in ev'ry part of town
And is a knocker of no small renown—
They talked of values and of depot sites
Of South side lots and of the people's rights.
The owner showed a multitude of plats
And slyly chucked the envoy in the slats.
"This ground," said he, "is worth"—(He set a price).
His caller promptly fainted. After ice
Had been applied and consciousness restored,
The envoy said he very much deplored
That only thirty millions would be raised
To build the plant. Said he, "I am amazed
At the prevailing prices of the land
Which we desire. Boston lots command
No higher figures than these lots you own
And I may further add 'I must be shown.' "
"I'll grant," said Mr. Owner, "that is straight,
But think what it will cost to pay the freight."

Here's to the women we ever hold dear
Our wives and our sweethearts so true.
Here's to the comforting words full of cheer
They whisper when sorrow and trials appear
Here's to their gentleness too!

Here's to the mothers so tender and kind
Who make the home cheerful and bright.
Here's to the love in their great hearts enshrined,
Here's to their virtues, their sweetness of mind,
Here's that their heartaches take flight!

Here's to the children, the hope of the race!
May courage and wisdom be theirs.
Here's to their struggles for wealth and for place,
Here's that fair dealing their efforts may grace,
In all of their worldly affairs.

Here's to our friends! May the years as they fly
Bring peace and contentment and cheer.
Here's to the hopes that within our hearts lie,
Here's that love's fountain may never run dry,
Here's to a fruitful career!



TIME

As Indicated by the Clocks in the Union Depot
at Kansas City.

Old Father Time, with courtly grace,
Looked down upon the ceaseless race
Of throngs who carry varied loot
As after railway trains they scoot.

He saw an Oskanoxie man
Pull out his watch and, as he ran,
Consult the chute clock; slack his gait;
And set his ticker back to eight.

The man passed on downstairs, and saw
A string of "Timers." Filled with awe
He said: "It must 'uv took some rocks
To fit this institute with clocks."

And as he wandered 'round the place
A frown o'erspread his rugged face.
Compared with every clock he passed
His watch was either slow or fast.

At last he sought the train shed where
His fevered brow would feel the air.
His train was due to leave at nine;
But on his way he saw this sign:

This was a dummy clock which showed
The leaving time on a certain road.
"My watch"—said he as he looked again—
"Is slow, by gum! I've missed my train!"

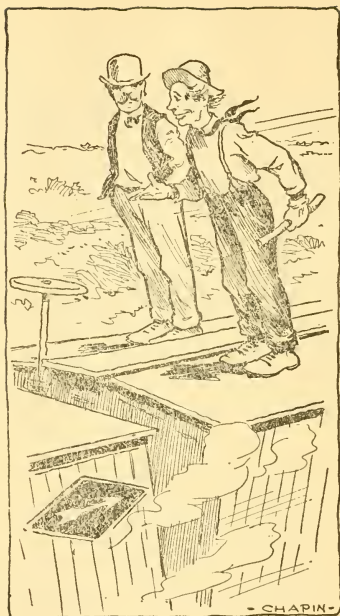
There's a dainty little maiden;
With eyes of deepest blue,
Her lips are nectar laden,
She has merry dimples, too.

I tell her oft I love her,
She smiles, but answers naught,
Looks toward the heavens above her;
Gently turns away. I'm fraught

With the painful fear she trifles,
Yet that surely cannot be.
Such a thought my passion stifles;
And I ne'er wish to be free.

I'll continue my devotion,
At her shrine I'll worship still.
I possess a curious notion,
That I'll win her love—I will

If solicitude, attentions,
Are of any earthly use.
I may make such bold pretensions,
Else my baby girl, turn loose.



THE RISE OF A. PINKBLOOD.

Augustus Pinkblood had a germ.

He thought it would be "cute"

To be a freight conductor for a spell,

And so he started "braking" on the Indian Arrow Route
When business boomed and things were goin' to—Oshkosh.

He had some rich relations and they used the old-time bluff
That Gus was going to carve his own career.
His father was the chairman of the board and had the "stuff."
Augustus was "the works," you needn't fear.

Augustus thought that he was nice, too nice to twist the
brakes,
And when his fellow brakeman called him Gus
It sent him in a passion that was like a man with "snakes,"
And lining up the switches made him "cuss."

He made so poor a brakeman that the freight conductors said
It wasn't in his hide to "run" a train,
But Daddy Pinkblood gave it out that Gus must get ahead
And so the superintendent's course was plain.

Gus was a sort of plunger, for he always tried to bet
That something would go wrong or else go right.
The other members of the crew steered clear of Gus's net;
They said, "Gus Pink-a-doodle is a fright!"

One day Gus said to Simpkins, who had charge of the caboose:
"I'll bet four dollars we'll be late today!"
"I never bet," said Simpkins, "so it isn't any use
To waste your time on me in such a way."

"I'll bet you five round dollars, then," said Gus, "we'll be on
time."
"I hope we will," was Simpkins's reply.
"I'll bet two bucks against a bean you couldn't bet a dime."
"Perhaps you're right!" Sim answered with a sigh.

"I'll bet four plunks or anything we'll get in safe and sound."
"My baby always prays I will," said Sim.
"I'll wager, then, there'll be a wreck to put us on the ground,"
And as he spoke a great shock "doused his glim."

They struck a low joint in the track, which shattered the
Caboose.
And through the air shot Simpkins and his crew.
Gus, turning somersaults, yet found a betting man's excuse:
"I'll hazard ten that I'll go higher'n you!"

"Of course," spake Colonel Julep, "it is very nice to be
A postman or policeman and ride the street cars free;
'Tis not so bad to be employed in a department store,
And buy things at the wholesale rate, or just a trifle more;
It's fine to be a member of the politician class
And be on terms of friendship with the blithesome railway
pass;

And think what it must mean to be a car dis-trib-u-tor;
The coal stock that is mailed to him, he knows not what it's
for—

But with fine nonchalance he stuffs it safely in his jeans,
And does not seem to worry greatly as to what it means;
And all the pious consignees who get a lot of freight
And stacks of "Eagles" laid upon their desks! Is it not great?
And railway officers whose wealth and pleasure are at par
Although the railway stock is not. A palace private car
Is just the thing to travel in to drive dull care away
And keep from rubbing shoulders with the common folks
who pay.

And cogitate a spell upon the pleasures it must bring
To exercise the muscles clipping coupons as you sing
Of "good old days of long ago" when you were poor. You
yearn

That all the good old days may never, never more return;
Just think of all the fame and all the glitter and the gold
Which falls to Mr. Muckrake for the stories he has told;
And of the stately hauteur of the Magazine Editor
Whose neatly worded rejection means: Skidoo man, you are
a bore!

And he of the famous hero fund, "The Laird of Skibo-oo,
He giveth expensive libraries for the uplift of me and you.
All these," spake Colonel Julep, "think their goods and deeds
suffice,

But for avarice, opulence, lust of gold I commend the dealer
in Ice."

Bill Gary was conductor of the Moonlight Local Freight,
Which used to make nocturnal trips half way across the state.
The pious folks along the line oft marveled at the plight
Of Gary and his jolly crew, who scattered freight by night.
Of course the fact that they ran through a prohibition state
Had naught to do with surreptitious plans for shipping
"freight;"

'Twas, nevertheless, well known that on the Indian Arrow
Route

The locals used to run at night (and half the day, to boot).

The time card showed ten hours from start to end of run,
But trips were seldom finished ere the zenith of the sun;
The overtime was awful, but no scheme could be devised
To make it show a decrease. Therefore, as may be sur-
mised,

Bill Gary's wealth grew rapidly. 'Twas said he hadn't spent
The dollar that he first had earned. Bill was a thrifty gent.

* * * * *

Dick Dennis, train dispatcher, worked from midnight until
eight,

And frequently gave orders to the Moonlight Local Freight.
A nobby chap was Dennis; he was something of a beau—
A dresser, politician, all 'round squanderer of "dough."
He yearned for social honors, although nearly always broke;
His loose financial methods brought forth many a merry joke.
One night he got a letter in regard to overtime
The local crew was earning. Said he, "I'll make 'em climb;
Tonight I have a reason, sufficient unto me,
To get them in right early. Bill Gary I must see!"

He straightway wrote this message: "To Gary and Engineer:
Cut out your wor kand hustle. I wish to see you here
By six o'clock or sooner." You ought to have seen them run!
They didn't do a lick o' work—it never will be done,
Because the work fell so behind they never could catch up.
Bill Gary said, "I haven't loafed like this since Heck was a
pup."

* * * * *

They landed in Kansas City at exactly six o'clock;
The superintendent fainted; it gave the chief a shock.
Bill Gary sought the office as soon as he got in,
To call on Big Dick Dennis, who met him with a grin.
Said Gary: "That there message says you want to see me
here;

Wall! here I be, my bully boy; speak up now, strong and
clear,

Because we ran so fast tonight—you bet we traveled some—
My head's a-swimmin' yet, and I am deaf and nearly dumb."

"Well, Bill!" said Dennis, "it's two weeks till pay-day comes
you see;

There's a circus comin' to town today. Can I make a touch
for three?"

1

The Indian Arrow Route was ballasted with shattered rock,
Which tramps and trainmen mentioned with disdain;
Tramps found that it was hard upon the soles of those **who**
walk,
While trainmen said it gave their feet a pain.

The "Prohibition Limited" which used to cross the state
In the good old days of long, long, long ago,
Was seldom "on the advertised," but nearly always late;
And that, perchance, is why it stood no show.

The train dispatchers used to jab the "Prohibition train,"
And head it in for all the high-ball freights;
And all the varnished cars it met were told to hold the
"main"—
The "Prohib" thus got tangled on its dates.

The only day it ever struck the time that it was due
Was once 'way back, I think, in '88.
The station agent swooned as he exclaimed, "Can this be
true!"
The engineer replied, "We're three days late!"

Bill Gary of the "Local" had a uniform, and he
Was used in "plush run" service as a "sub."
Bill was a handy fellow; he could plug a flue, you see,
Or put the fixin's on a red-hot "hub."

When on his Moonlight Local run Bill Garry used to wear
A pair of boots with soles two inches thick.
He said that on the local freight they stood the wear and
tear,
And for rock ballast they were just the trick.

Dick Dennis, train dispatcher, used to guy Bill's heavy boots,
And kept it up whenever he was 'round.
Bill smiled and said, "My cobbler and myself are in ca-
hoots
To keep the ole man's feet plumb off the ground."

One day our Bill was called upon to take the "Prohib" out,
And he was light of heart and bright and gay.
He thought how nice 'twould be to ride on plush and loll
about—
The time card showed no stops along the way.

Alas! How oft and easily are human hopes despoiled.

Bill's orders read to meet trains by the score.

His brakeman made quick trips to "flag," while Gary raced
and toiled

To open switches. What a greivous chore!

Bill reached the station first removed from where the "Prohib"
stops;

His orders read to meet two stock trains there.

The trip had been a hard one. He was wobbly on his props,
And Bill began to fret and fume and —swear.

He didn't take the siding but remained back of the switch.

The freight men said, "We for the main or bust!"

Bill said they'd clear the main or wait—he didn't care much
which,

For he'd stay out till rails had turned to rust.

At last Dispatcher Dennis sent a message asking why

And what the controversy was about,

Bill answered, "I have decorated side-tracks (that's no lie)

Until my boots and switch key are worn out."

"O.s.,* o.s.," said Jerry Lamb, night owl at Buttercup;

"O.s., train four departed—" "Ham!" Dick Dennis said,
"wake up!"

Dispatcher Dennis sighed and said: "That night man is a
fright;

He'll gad about all day, then try to mix me up at night.

Train four is due at Buttercup at three o'clock a. m.,

And now that plug has just woke up at two to o.s. them."

As Dennis spoke Banoff began to jiggle on the key;

"O.s., o.s., train four—" "Hey, man!" said Dick, "you're
nutty! see?

Train number four will not arrive at Banoff for an hour."

The night man answered: "Bet you five you're full of half-
baked flour."

"Why, boy!" said Dick, "it's now two-eight—Your clock's an
hour fast."

*O.s.: a signal used by operators in reporting to dispatchers the arrival and
departure of trains.

"Two-eight it is; again I state, train number four has passed. The helper and myself were out and got a great big truck Plumb full of baggage. That's about our usual run of luck." "Who's the conductor?" Dick enquired to further test Banoff "Bill Gary handsomely attired." Said Dick, "The stuff's all off!"

Between Banoff and Onacurve they met a train of wheat. Said Bill: "You guys have got your nerve to try a main line meet."

They didn't hit, but when they stopped the pilots hugged up tight.

Bill stood amazed, his brow he mopped and asked, "Are your clocks right?"

Before the squabble ended and the freight backed into town, Bill said: "My friends, I take the stand your watches have run down."

And every man aboard the freight took out his watch and chain

And set it up an hour straight. Then Bill went on again.

The operators half the night, broke in to say "o.s.;" Dick's language wouldn't do to write. "They're full," said he, "I guess."

At first he thought it was a joke the boys were trying to play, And so at each he took a poke in his good-natured way.

But finally he realized that things were out of whack And number four might be capsized unless he cleared the track. He called each station in its turn. His labor was in vain. He raised each office but to learn that each had cleared the train.

And in its most erratic flight across the Sunflower state. Train four met other trains that night, both passenger and freight.

The Indian Arrow Route, you know, is thoroughly equipped With automatic blocks, and so its trains are seldom tripped.

Thus sped the train along the line for ninety miles or more. At last Dick raised West Pumpkinvine and said: "Hold number four."

And when the operator called and said: "Train four is here," Dick said: "Tell Bill that he has balled up things. Get in to clear."

Just then the chap at Buttercup broke in—he's quite a clown— And said: "Tell Gary he's called up that he may be called down!"



"Dick saw with an awakening thrill—"

West Pumpkine and Dennis tried the case by wire at once;
They found Bill guilty and applied to him the title "Dunce."
Bill sat and smoked and waited, while they argued pro and
con;

At last he said, "This work is vile! Tell Dennis I am gone."
And then he gave the engineer a signal; 'way they flew
Before the night man got Dick's ear to ask him what to do.

At Cedar Creek there was a spill. Train four fell in the
stream.

Dick saw, with an awak'ning thrill, an awful wreck. A
dream!



"'Tis the Meat Thrains ye ough to
see r-run!"

Pat McAdoo was the boss of the gang
That worked on the section at Bates.
The work on the track caused him many a pang,
For he dreaded the speed of the freights.
The rules of the line were exceedingly plain,
Providing safe limits of speed.
But the rules were ignored again and again
Which made Patsy's heart fairly bleed.

The section of road under McAdoo's care
Was called by the trainmen, "fast track"—
Which signifies safety for trains to get there—
So the freight trains each gave it a whack.
Poor Pat and his men were as busy as bees
Repairing and raising low joints
In summer's warm weather and midwinter's freeze
They looked for and fixed the weak points.

The roadmaster once was inspecting Pat's track
When the Pink Palace Flyer flew by.
Its speed caused astonishment: Turning to Mac,
He asked: "Does that beat the Shoo Fly?"
(The pet of the line was the Shoo Fly Express,
The finest train under the sun).
"The Shoo Fly? The Devil!" Pat answered with stress,
" 'Tis the meat thrains you ought to see r-run!"

Bill Gary, freight conductor, took a lay-off so's to vote.
His observations may not be of any special note.
For days before election Gary passed the time away
By listening to what the politicians had to say
About the liquor question, which is causing so much prate
In all the towns and cities of the great Sunflower state.
Bill heard the subject argued, discussed and "cussed" for
fair,
While all the filching methods of the grafters were laid
bar.
Some claimed that prohibition is a foolish farce and fake,
While others said it scatters boundless blessings in its
wake.
And thus ad infinitum was the question rent again;
And settled? Nay! Opinions are as numerous as men.

The week before election there were "rallies" every night,
To one of which Bill went in search of knowledge and of
light.
He heard some splendid speeches, some sophistry as well;
Spellbinders would bamboozle the voters for a spell.
He gave his close attention to the speakers to the last,
And then he took the rostrum while the chairman stood
aghast.

"My friends and feller citizens." Bill bowed as he began
To talk in simple sentences about the Kansas plan
Of propagating criminals. He spoke an hour or more,
And there was rapt attention while Bill Gary had the floor.



"By listening to what the politicians
had to say."

"My friends and feller citizens, I ain't much on the talk,
But I'm agin this scheme o' puttin' decency in "hock."
What's needed here in Kansas is officials that'll stand
As solid as a concrete pier and drive the graftin' band
Outside the limits of the state. O, Lord! what chance
there be

For some big-minded fellers to step in and set us free.
'Tain't prohibition, people, that's a-harmin' this old state;
We need emancipation from the filchers, small and great.
Enforce the prohibition law with vigor, and I guess
We'll lose some population that'll make some grafters less.
This thirst law ain't accordin' to my private point o'
view

But it's the law, and, bein' sich, I'll tell you what let's do;

Let's make 'er stick, and meantime put our 'shoulders to
the wheel'

And try in 'every honest way to bring about repeal!

Excuse me fer this chestnut which I'm now a-goin' to
spring;

Prohibition don't prohibit drinkin' beer and whisky sling;

It aims to put a stop to sellin' liquor, beer and ale;

Instead o' doin' that, it only fills the county jail

With burglars, thugs and rowdies, white and black. Who
pays the freight

Fer these big doin's, fellers? Let us get this thing fixed
straight!

There's fellers that attends to many doubtful schemes
that's hatched

Fer gettin' hold o' places where the pay that is attached

Wouldn't bring back half the money that the office-seeker
spends

In tryin' to get elected. Is such fellers patriots, friends?

Let us see how Mr. Grocer runs his corner grocery,

Let us look in on the merchant or the plumber. O, yes, he

Is a sort o' bumpin' post fer all the jokers that is loose,

But the lesson these men give us can be put to 'bully use.

Let us run affairs of government like these here chaps do
biz,

And when you spot a boodler, make it sure that he 'gets
his.'

Pay all your public servants at least what they could earn

By hustlin' fer themselves, and then temptation they might
spurn.

Pay legislative officers sufficient to attract

Strong men to stand for honesty and righteousness, in
fact.

Them fellers they call pessimists (I think that thar's the
name)

Insist the law can't be enforced. The'r argyment is lame;

I say the law can be enforced, as all laws ought to be,

Fer if they're disregarded, harm will come to you an' me.'

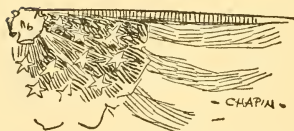
Bill's appeal was full of feeling, and was gretted with
applause

As he pointed out the evils and assigned to each a cause.

After he had held attention for an hour, more or less,

He turned loose this peroration, which is worth the while,

I guess



"Then brace up!" he roared.

"Listen, men!" Bill's voice grew tender, "have you mother, sweetheart, wife?
Or perhaps a little family God has sent to bless yer life,
Think fer jest a minit' what this lawlessness is leadin' to;
Broken homes, unhappy children, wives and mothers.
Ain't it true?
Then brace up!" he roared, "and quit yer vacillatin' right
now, men;
Scorn officials that deceive you—reprobates send to the
pen;

Let us stand fer decent livin', let no man our fair name
soil;
Let us lance the sores that fester like a pestilential boil
On the face of civic morals! May God grant us swift
release
From the weaklings; from the grafters; from the thieves.
Let there be peace!"

The Call:

The N. P. U. U. lodge will meet at 8 o'clock tonight
To take a stand upon the side of Justice and the right,
All members are requested to be present, for, alas,
An organized attack is being made upon the Pass.
The object of the meeting is to holler long and loud;
And throw a bomb of rhetoric right at the Congress crowd.
Approved this date . By Paul I. Tishun, Master of the
Work.

Signed and Attested safe and sound, By A. Carr Ryder,
Clerk.

8 p. m.—Master of the Work in the Chair:

"My brothers, you have read the call
Which brings us here tonight.

What is your pleasure? Let this hall

Resound with protest! One and all

Join in the noble fight.

Train O. Carrs, Pass Master:

Gentlemen and others, let me say

That I still hope to see the day

When Congressmen will have to pay

To ride upon the trains.

Then when the lobsters homeward stray

The price may make 'em keep away

From Washington where 'tis au fait

To exercise their brains.

All:

"Hurrah for Carrs!" the assembled throng

Broke forth in unrestrained song

Their wild refrain, "It's wrong, it's wrong!

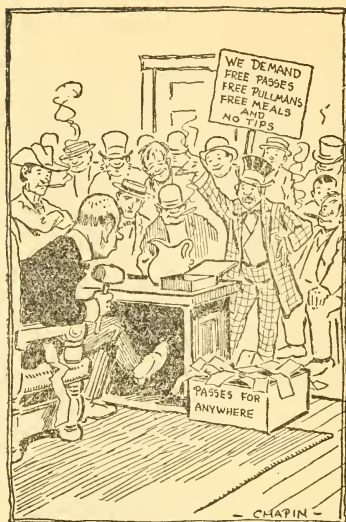
To pick on favored classes."

"We'll bump those fellows hard and strong

Who undertake to play ping-pong

With priv'leges we've had so long.

Don't tamper with our passes!"



"It seems to me,"
 Said Rydon Fraight,
 "They make this plea
 To abrogate
 The pass list which
 Has lived so long
 So they can ditch
 Their foes It's wrong! !"

Said Mr. Smart,
 They ought to start
 A correspondence college
 To teach all men
 How, where and when
 To gather needful knowledge,

So they could spell—
Pronounce as well—
The names of Pullman coaches!
Some one must get
A pass, you bet,
To smother men's reproaches!"

Speaker unknown:

A stranger gained the floor a spell
And said, "I'm pained, my friends, to tell
How far has gone this senseless plan
To put us on the caravan.

"We, gentlemen, must firmly stand
For passes when we tour this land
Of street car straps and joyous peace,
And schemes and scraps and elbow grease!

"The land where lust of gold is rife!
'Money or bust,' the goal of life.
The pass must stay, we each shall pledge
Our strength today; we must not hedge!"

Resolutions::

Whereas,

The Congress has made bold
To have the Hepburn rate bill hold
An anti-pass plank as of old.
The Congressmen should all be told
That if they'd have their names enrolled
Upon the list of Ex's,
To go ahead and pass the bill
Which says no passes ere shall thrill
The hearts of Tom and Dick and Will.
Their attitude perplexes.

Resolved,

That we, the P. U. U.,
In special session, truly view
With grave alarm what they may do!
We trust our sturdy pickets
Who occupy the lobby there
In Washington will have a care
And see that Congress does not dare
To wipe out passes. How unfair
'Twould be to make us dig for fare!
If they a service would prepare
For everybody everywhere;
Why—just abolish tickets.

HIS WRATHFUL GOOD-BY.

The Train Dispatcher Was Irritated at the Operator.

When the weather is foggy and damp telegraph wires work badly, due to what is known as "escape"—that is, loss of current due imperfect insulation, moisture being a conductor. On such occasions it is difficult for operators to keep their instruments properly adjusted. It frequently happens therefore that an operator will begin to use the wire while it is already in use. This is termed "breaking in" and is at times a source of great annoyance, especially to a train dispatcher.

Recently C. M. Pierce, Missouri Pacific dispatcher at Osawatomie, Kas., was up against such a proposition. It was quitting time for the day men along the line and one chap out in the western part of the state broke in to say "G. N.," which is the telegrapher's manner of saying good night. A similar response from the dispatcher is authority to close up.

This man was not adjusted and did not hear Pierce's acknowledgement. Every few minutes he repeated his exasperating "G. N." Pierce was covered up with work and every interruption meant a set back to his plans that can only be fully realized by a member of the craft.

For the seventeenth time was heard the same old appeal: "G. N."

Pierce, in sheer desperation, responded: "Good night, good morrow, good Lord, good bye."

JUD HART, STATION AGENT.

Showing the Result of a Rowdy Requisition.

There once was a busy denizen of the foothills who answered to the name of Jud. He had a rubber stamp manufactured which might properly have been called "The tired man's companion." It bore this inscription:

THE KALAMOSHKOSH RAILWAY CO.

THE GOING GOING GONE R. R. CO.

THE ADAM & EVE EXPRESS CO.

THE UNITED SCRAPES DISTRESS CO.

THE I. O. UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

THE HARVEST HAND EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY.

THE SATURDAY MORNING ROAST.

J. Hart, Agent.

and occupied the annex.

This contrivance saved Jud so much time, which would otherwise have been expended in searching for letter heads, that he found leisure to cogitate upon the causes to which might be attributed the fact that vice presidents, who would never be missed, receive fifty dollars a day, while station agents, who cannot go outside the city limits without being checked up by the traveling auditor, receive the stupendous sum of fifty dollars per—month.

While engaged one day in mental gymnastics of this sort Jud glanced at the calendar and observed that it was "requisition" day. He secured a "blank" and began to write industriously. After duly recording a list of stationery sufficient to run the establishment for not less than thirty days (nor more than thirty years), Jud finally signed his name to the document noting, as he did so, that

there was but one vacant line. "Happy thought!" he exclaimed. "I'll just chalk down a box of cigars and see what them guys in Topeka'll do." Accordingly the next train carried Jud's "requisition" for stationery and—"one box of good cigars." (He inserted the adjective fearing he might be supplied from the company's dining car department.)

In the course of time a case of supplies arrived and Jud sorted out and checked off each item as he carefully unpacked it. Away down in the corner he came upon—what luck—a box of cigars. Delight filled his soul. Evening after evening, thereafter, he sat upon the station baggage truck, surrounded by congenial and jovial spirits, and eloquently discoursed upon the manifestly munificent methods of modern managing modocs who manipulate the multitudinous mysteries of the railways.

There came a sad day when Jud reached the last fragrant cigar and as he lingered reminiscently over its delightful aroma, the pay car rounded the curve and stopped in front of the station.

The paymaster (talk about autocrats) handed Jud his pay check, drawn for \$45.50. Attached to the check was the following, done in the highest style of the printer's art:

MR. JUDSON HART

In Account With
THE ALFALFA CIGAR CO.

1 Box Screamos.....\$4.50

Paid June 25, 1905.

THE ALFALFA CIGAR CO.

TOLD BY RAILROAD MEN.

Queer Yarns Spun in the Office of the Train Dispatcher.

"I'll bet four dollars," said the second trick dispatcher, as he "sat in" at 4 o'clock, "you'll never see that combination again in a hundred years."

"What combination are you talkin' about now," inquired the operator, laizly.

"Why, look a-here!" persisted the guardian of the second trick. "Engine 111 arrived at Kansas City at 1:11 p. m.—engine 222 poked her nose into the yard at 2:22 p. m., and I'm nutty if engine 333 didn't pull over the main line switch at 3:33 this afternoon. What d'ye think o' that?"

"That's nothin'," exclaimed the manager, disdainfully. "When I was dispatchin' back yonder in the '80s on the Lawrence & Lowell road the engines used to wear names. Some bore the names of stars and mythological beings. Others were named for men. Anyone with the price of a headlight could have his name emblazoned upon the side of the cab. Several of the 'mills' were named after towns—or before, judging from the way they'd perform. One day I had a couple of trains on the road during my 'hours' the coincident features of which gives your combination a commonplace appearance. One train was running from Lowell to Lawrence. The engine bore the name of the former city, Lowell, and was handled by Engineer Frank Lowell. Frank Lawrence was the conductor. At Lawrence Junction a train was met which was going from Lawrence to Lowell, hauled by engine Lawrence with Engineer Fred Lawrence at the throttle, while Conductor Fred Lowell was in charge of the train."

Every man in the office simply stared and sighed heavily.

"What!" continued the manager in disgust. "Don't believe it? Well, it's the truth as sure as my name is Larry!"

"Say, Lowell!" said a man present, "what does Larry stand for, anyway?"

"My name is Lawrence," replied the manager, "Lawrence Lowell."

"Talkin' about engine names," interjected the conductor of the "Short Grass Flyer," who was waiting for orders, "they used to name the engines on the P D. & Q. when I was a kid. There was the Paul Jones and the General Grant——"

"And if they was anything like the battle ship we had on the local freight last trip," interrupted the head brakeman, "they ought to be named the 'General Debility.'"

"Say, fellows," said the detective, who dropped in to inquire about the mail train, "did I ever tell you about the time I ran an engine on the 'Long and Short' railway?" and without waiting for a reply he proceeded with the narrative. "One day I went down to the depot to take out my run. My sweetheart, a picture of anxiety, was there to meet me.

"'Bill,' said she tremulously, 'don't go out to-day.'"

"'Tut, tut, girl, I couldn't do a trick like that. It's near leaving time now.'"

"'Don't go, Bill; please don't go,' she urged.

"'Why, honey,' said I, 'what do you s'pose the ole man would think if I took a fool notion like that at the last minute?'"

"'O, Bill!' she pleaded, 'don't go. You must not go! I had a dreadful dream last night. I dreamed your train got in—on time!'"

"Well, gentlemen, I went out on the run all right, but I'll never forget it. On November 11,

the eleventh day of the eleventh month—at 11:11 a. m. train No. 11 with engine 11, baggage car 11, containing 11 trunks, mail car 22, chair car 33, dining car No. 44, went in the ditch at Mile Post 55. The wreck was cleared at 11 p. m. There were eleven persons injured and the damage suits filed were for an aggregate of \$11,000. All of this happened eleven years ago and I have told the story about eleven hundred times.”

“And every time,” ventured the office boy, “you added eleven new gags!”

“I used to run a train,” said the yardmaster, who happened along just in time to gather from the conversation that engine names were being considered. “The day of the big money panic three or four dozen years ago I had the president of the road out on an inspection trip. All of a sudden he got some bad news and told his clerk to wire the superintendent to give us a clear track and a fast run to Chicago. Golly! boys, but we burned up the track. After spinning along for about eighty miles so fast that the telegraph poles resembled a barricade we came to a sudden and apparently unnecessary stop. The company had a short time previously, put in service a locomotive which was, for those days, a mechanical marvel. She was named ‘The Dragon.’ Her rating was ninety-five cars. There wasn’t a passing track on the road that would clear such a train. I hustled around and discovered that we had been flagged by the crew of ‘The Dragon!’ She was there with her rating.

“‘Conductor,’ demanded the president when I gave a proceed signal after several minutes’ delay, ‘why are we being detained here?’

“‘We,’ I answered, ‘will have to saw by ‘The Dragon.’ She is here with a drag-on.’”

STORIES OF RAIL AND WIRE.

ODD AND FUNNY EXPERIENCES OF TRAIN DISPATCHERS.

If He Saw a Wildcat—Vincent's Phonetic Spelling
—A Rush Order for Eggs—The Preacher's
Chum—A Conductor's Mistake.

"I'm not a train dispatcher," said Frank Fox of the Union Pacific local freight office, "and I'm glad of it. My brother, however, who visits me occasionally, is dispatcher at Buffalo for the Lackawanna. He told me a yarn the last time he was out here that isn't so bad. It seems that extra trains upon his road were at one time regularly and officially designated as 'wildcats.' The only running orders given to such trains leaving East Buffalo, for example, read 'Wildcat to Elmira.' One day a new man was being examined for the position of flagman. The examiner asked many questions intended to bring out the applicant's fund of information and his qualifications for the position sought. Finally this question was asked: "What would you do if you were out flagging and you saw a wildcat approaching?"

Thoughtfully scratching his head a moment, the candidate for railroad honors replied: 'Shoot if I had a gun, or take to the tall timber.'

Vincent and the Vehicles.

"Freight conductors, upon starting out on their runs, leave with the telegraph operator a list of cars in their trains. This list shows the destination of all cars and the contents of loaded equipment," said T. J. Carey, a Kansas City railroad man. "The list is called a 'consist,' or 'sist,' for short. 'Vick' Vincent was conductor on one of the preferred runs when I was dispatching on the Pacific. Vick's weak spot was spelling. One day his 'consist' contained one item which the operator insisted was '1 Veikles Pueblo.' When the train arrived and Vick came in to register, I bantered him about it, and pointing to the word, asked what it meant.

"'What does it mean?' he queried. 'Sure it means what it says—'One vehicles, Pueblo.'

"'That's a new way to spell vehicles, Vick,' said I.

"'Well,' he returned, 'if that don't spell vehicles what in thunder does it spell?'"

A Rush Order for Eggs.

"The most amusing experience I recall," said L. C. Gibbs of the Santa Fe, Marceline, "was when I was with the Rock Island at Des Moines. They had me up a tree one day, for fair, with seven stock trains, three meat and fruit extras, two high-ball Denver merchandise runs, a Colorado low-rate excursion and three sections of the California flyer, all late. I was buried to my top story when all of a sudden Grinnell broke in and said:

"'There's one o' them steam derrick propositions out here in front o' the depot. Tain't very bad,

though, only seven cars of cattle gone into the weeds."

"Well, fellows, you know what that means. Busy? Not at all! Seven cars of stock in the ditch and the train sheet smeared with trains and—ink. There was nothing to do only work, and so much of that I could hardly tell where to begin.

"I hadn't more'n got the wrecker ordered and begun to fix up the mess of trains, when in rushed the superintendent and says kind of excited like.

"'Get Grinnell for me, quick, please.' Of course I thought by that he knew all about it and I began to call. After ten minutes' steady calling the operator answered, and the old man says:

"'Tell him to send me three dozen fresh eggs.'"

The Preacher's Chum.

"I'm going to tell you one that you won't believe but it's a fact all the same," said Joe Johnson, Union Pacific train dispatcher. "I was working second trick during the wretched days following the flood. I used to ride at midnight to the Kaw river and walk over the temporary pile bridge used by the trains of the Maple Leaf. There was a watchman stationed at the bridge and no one was allowed to pass over without a written permit from the Kansas City agent. I was one of the fortunate possessors of a pass.

"One night while waiting on Union avenue for a car a pleasant little man whose attire indicated his pious calling approached me and asked if I could direct him how to find the Rev. J. M. Gourley, of Stewart avenue, Kansas City, Kansas.

I replied that his friend was a resident of the neighborhood in which I lived.

"That preacher looked at me in genuine astonishment as he exclaimed 'What a providential thing it is that I should meet you.'

"We took a car to the river and the young minister entertained me with an account of his travels of the previous few weeks. He repeatedly expressed gratification that he should have fallen in with me.

"Arriving at the bridge after a dangerous walk in the dark over the tracks leading to it I presented my credential and bespoke for my companion the courtesy of being allowed to walk over the structure. The watchman was obdurate and I had about determined to swim the river with my new made acquaintance when an old time switchman whom I knew made his appearance. I appealed to him to vouch for me. The guardian of the bridge persisted in his refusal. At length the switchman, himself an employe of the Maple Leaf road, impatiently exclaimed:

"Look a-here, Pete, this preacher is a chum of mine. Why don't you let him pass and not be so damn bull-headed?"

"The idea of that profane switchman being a chum of the meek looking preacher melted the watchman into laughter and he allowed us to pass."

"Doggone Little Timber."

Ora Miller, of Des Moines, chief dispatcher of the Rock Island, told the following story recently: "While making a trip over the Northern Pacific we stopped at a station in the attractive valley of the Yellowstone river. Several of the passengers sought the right of way for a breath of fresh air and a limbering jaunt alongside the train. The mountains could be seen in the distance, a rugged setting to the almost treeless landscape. Presently a member of the party addressing a passing citizen in the garb of a cowboy, said: 'What is the name of this town, my friend?'

"'Well, pard, I 'low it's Big Timber, Montana.'

"'Big Timber?' repeated the inquiring gentleman with some surprise. 'I'd a' thought they'd a' called it Little Timber—and doggone little of it!'"

Switching Bones and Horns.

George E. Hill, of the Fowler Packing company, was formerly in the railroad business

"One of the oddest experiences I recall," said he, "was a 'cross' made by one of our freight conductors. Leaving Kansas City one day he had in his train a car of horns for Amsterdam loaded in car N. C. L. 2662 and a car of bones for Havana in car N. C. L. 2626. In checking the waybills against the switchlist he came across, simultaneously, the waybill for the former car and the listed number of the latter. Taking for granted that a clerical error had been made, he changed the waybill to agree with the car. Further along in

the matching up process a corresponding change was made with the other waybill. The result of the conductor's industry became known three weeks later and considerable embarrassment was caused when it was discovered that the horns for Holland had found their way to Cuba and at last accounts there was offered for sale at a sacrifice in the quaint old Dutch capital one car of bones."

W. GARY, ESQ.,

A Tale of the Rail.

"Wantter hire any ladder climbers today?" said Bill Gary, addressing the trainmaster of the G. U. & D. (get up and dust) railroad. The trainmaster, Walter Belnap, himself a graduate of the caboose cupola, did as all Yankees are said to do, answered the question by asking another.

"Where have you been working?" said he.

"Been switchin' in the Cannibal yard," was the prompt response.

"Why did you leave there?" Mr. Belnap asked.

Got fired for gittin' gay to a Zulu that went over the road last month. It come about this way. I'd been brakin' on the High line till business went to the bad. Jim Wilcox, an old side partner o'mine, got to be the G. Y. M. of the Cannibal. He says to me: 'Bill,' says he, 'how'd yer like a job as foreman on the undertaker?' Says I, 'What's the undertaker, Jim?' 'The undertaker,' says he, 'is the engine that works the outside yard out by the cemetery.' 'Well, to cut it short, I took the job and was doin' well till one day here comes a Zulu—"

"What's a Zulu?" interrupted Mr. Belnap.

"Say, but you're a greenhorn proper," said Bill, "A Zulu is an emigrant outfit with a lot of truck handed down from the Mayflower, and some horses and cows, ditto, and maybe a dog and maybe a dozen besides the rest of the family. Well, sir, this chap with passenger train desires and a way



"Aint I goin' to git out o' here
this seas'n?"

fright wampum belt begins to cuss me and says he: 'Ain't I goin' to get out of here this season?' 'Yes,' says I, 'right now I'm seizin' an opportunity to get yer goin'. You'll land down there about three miles near a plantin' plant where you can spend about seven hours in undisturbed commun-

ion with fellers that can't bother you nohow,' and down he went on the undertaker transfer.

"In about three weeks the G. Y. M. got a bunch o' letters startin' with one that Mr. Zulu wrote to the general manager, giving an account of his tempestuous voyage. He give evrybody a prod, from the station agent where he started, who furnished car No. 51,421 (it adds up 13), down to the train dispatcher at Growington, who told him how sorry he was that the delay had occurred. 'That,' he wrote, 'won't buy any canned tomatoes.'

"His talk about me was noisy. He said: 'In the Cannibal yard I was held from 9:30 p. m. until nearly 5 a. m. I wanted the man on the switching engine to put me on the Warm Boy fast freight, but was insulted to beat the devil. Says he: Not on your life, my pretty boy. What we'll do to you will last you some! We'll take you out in the country about three miles, stand you agin the fence next the graveyard where you can visit with the spooks the rest of the night and—sure enough they did.'

"Them," said Bill, as he finished relating the story, "is the facts and I plead guilty. Some o' them Zulus is too pertic'lar 'bout the cars they ride in. On the Spensylvania all the Pullmans is painted red. Out in this country all the box cars is red, so what's the odds?"

As Bill gave every indication of knowing how to railroad the trainmaster sent him down to see the yardmaster, who needed a switchman. He was given a job on the "Staker," where the work was speedy. His duty was to climb on the cuts of cars that were sent sailing down through the yards, and at the proper time, set the brakes. Everything went merrily for a couple of hours with Bill chasing all kinds of box cars—except small ones—when finally a furniture car about two blocks long, with skyscraper tendencies started his way. He

caught it and rode it to safety, then climbed down and seated himself dejectedly on the end of a cross tie. The foreman walked up to him and said: "What's up, Bill! Comin' too swift?"

"Naw," said Bill; "but say! Can't ye let loose of a flat car once in a while?"

In a few weeks Gary was sent out on the road



"What's up; Bill? Comin' too swift?"

as a brakeman, much to his satisfaction. It was not long thereafter that he was promoted to conductor of the way freight, a job he handled with marked success while he could obtain a crew of old-timers. Gradually, however, the experienced men quit or died until one day he started out with

a green crew; one of its members, Mark Logan, being so awkward that Bill had fears for his safety. He sent a message to the trainmaster, which read:

"Please have a brakeman for me next trip in place of Logan. I have him in the caboose with both doors locked, and if he don't climb out of the window I will get him home alive. If you can't get a brakeman get a conductor."

He got a conductor.

Bill turned in his tools.

THE AMBITION OF JAKE WELLS.

He Wanted to Go Nine Miles in Seven Minutes.

Jake Wells, fireman, called upon the roundhouse foreman one morning before going out on his run, and said, "Say, George! I wish you'd speak a good word for me to 'the ole man.' I'd like to git to runnin' one of them there new compounds durin' the wheat rush. If I cain't 'cut the buck' they's no use for none o' them other one-gallus galoots to try!"

Jake, three years before, had taken a job on the cinder pit. One day the fireman on the "8-spot"—a switch engine otherwise designated as Fido—was suddenly taken ill and opportunity—the fickle jade—rapped at the gate of the guardian of the cinder pit. The engineer, a friend of the family, sent word to give Jake Wells a trial; and it is recalled that

the "firing" was skillfully done that the "8-spot" pulled a string of seventy-four cars and a dead engine out of the "hole." The "hole" is a track which leads down about three flights of stairs to the vinegar works on the Mokaw river front. It is even asserted that Dick Jenkins, the engineer, offered to bet a Spittsburg stogie against a double eagle that he could make her climb a telegraph pole. At any rate the cinder pit became a thing of the past as far as Jake was concerned.

From the "8-spot" Jake soon graduated to the 41144, a marvelous monster of mammoth proportions. Jake was so obviously a master hand as a steam producer that six additional twenty-seven-section and drawing room (so called in honor of the great and entrancing American game of poker) Pushman cars were added to the equipment of the "F. F. F." (Flat Footed Flyer). The World's Fair, "Antartic" type locomotive and Jake Wells, fireman, were assigned to the run. All the other roads pulled off their trains.

Frank Paul, the master mechanic, who had shed all of his hair in the pursuit and attainment of the endearing and enduring title of "The Ole Man," had repeatedly urged upon enginemen the necessity for practicing economy in the use of valve oil. Tallow, as valve oil is commonly called, is not so much of a luxury when used in the production of doughnuts, but it is not necessary to purchase it in carload quantities for that purpose. The instructions had been reiterated so frequently that every man employed in the mechanical department expected his wife to skim the water in which overalls were washed and boiled on wash day.

The master mechanic was favorably impressed with George's recommendation and sent for Jake, who was given a thorough course of examination upon matters concerning the handling of a loco-

motive. The session progressed in a manner which was satisfying to Jake and his friends.

"Now, Jake," said the master mechanic finally, "suppose you were trotting along on a passenger train at a sixty-mile-an-hour clip, and should suddenly be confronted with a headlight coming toward you at a similar pace, what would you do?"

"What'd I do!" said Jake, thoughtfully, scratching his golden locks. "I'd throw her over, pull her wide open, grab the tallow pot and jump!"

The wheat began to move and the demand for engines became so great that Jake reached a regular run. His performances were so uniformly excellent that he was assigned to the "Red ball high ball," a fast merchandise run which gave expeditious movement to large quantities of beef and booze. One day the train was late and was giving a hot foot exhibition, Jake passed Tongaloosa at 2:33 p. m., and was promptly signalled by the conductor to stop. This signal was quickly followed by one to back in on the siding. When the train was clear of the main track Jake sought the conductor and an explanation.

"Why, man," said the conductor, "No. 7 is due at Little Stranger at 2:40, and it is nine miles."

"Well," replied Jake, "I had seven big minutes."

STORIES OF TELEGRAPHERS.

Funny Anecdotes Told by Men in the Business.

The Order for 2,060 Cars—The Operator's Wife—
The Clever Girl Telegrapher—The Lion
Under the Freight House—The
Boy's Mistake.

E. A. Chenery, superintendent of the telegraph department of the Missouri Pacific railway, told the following story:

"As all telegraphers know, it is quite puzzling at times to distinguish between the letters t and l and the cipher o. Each is represented in the Morse alphabet by one dash. There is supposed to be a difference in the length of the dash, but that is purely a matter of taste. Expert operators get along without trouble, but for beginners these characters are a constant source of embarrassment. Likewise the letter p and the figure 6—five and six dots respectively—cause a great deal of annoyance to beginners. Nearly all student operators these days fall into the error of making more than the regulation five dots for p, thus confusing it with the figure 6.

Imagine therefore, the astonishment of Mr. Knight, assistant traffic manager, when he received, the other day, from a shipper who is a liberal patron of live poultry transportation cars, a telegram reading:

"Send me 2,060 cars at once."

"Mr. Knight fairly swooned as he exclaimed: 'If I can command that sort of business my future is established.'

"Investigation, however, revealed that the message as written by the chicken dealer read: 'Send me 2 L. P. T. cars at once.'

The "Almost" Operators.

"One of our chief dispatchers," continued Mr. Chenery, "recently told me an amusing anecdote. For convenience in communicating with the office he has the train wire cut into his house. There is a set of instruments in the living room and another in the bedroom. On one occasion he and his wife were entertaining the wife of a station agent, the agent remaining at home, a few miles distant. The chief's wife was put to some inconvenience to find suitable accommodations for the young matron, but as there was a comfortable sofa bed in the living room she was assigned to that room for the night, without knowing that the wire was also 'cut in' in the room upstairs. Early the next morning she was heard to call her husband for a chat on the wire. He had taught her almost all of the Morse alphabet. The chief and his wife, both of whom are operators, were much amused over the little 'visit by wire.' Later, at the breakfast table, the young wife was relating to the chief and his wife the substance of the conversation.

"'My husband,' said she, 'shipped six cars of mules on the plug.'

"This was surprising information, the plug being a passenger train. The chief and his wife laughed heartily, their visitor joining in the merriment, but wholly innocent of its real cause, for the chief had heard the station agent say he had forwarded 'six cans of milk.'"

This Girl Operator Was Clever.

"Pretty good!" said Superintendent J. F. Simms, of Osawatomie, Kas. And that reminds me of when I was chief dispatcher at Atchison. There was a curly headed young fellow dispatcher there who was mighty sweet on a sprightly slip of a girl who was operator in the master mechanic's office. They used to chin each other on the wire when there was time and it ended finally in a clear case of spoon. The girl was a clever little operator and her admirer could send some lively Morse over the wire.

One day he was transmitting a bunch of messages to little Miss Sprightly and, after several of them had passed without a break, the dispatcher said to himself, "I'll bet a nick I'll make her break on the next message, and he started in swift. In the middle of the telegram he spelled three words backwards and kept going. When he finished, the response was given—a brief 'O. K.'

"'But, my dear girl, said the dispatcher, 'I spelled three words backwards in that last message.'

"'Oh, that's all right, Jack," she answered, 'I have to guess at about half of your stuff anyway.'"

Skinner's Boy Operator.

"Telegraphers are a jolly tribe," said J. J. Skinner, Missouri Pacific trainmaster. "I was once asked by an official of the telegraph department of the Wabash to try a young fellow, an applicant for a job, in order to test his proficiency. As he sat down to the instrument table he turned to me with the request:

"Say, Cap, gimme a chew."

"I passed out a fresh ten-cent cut; the cub stowed away a bite in his cheek and handed back about

3 cents' worth. 'O. K. for you, son,' said I. He proved to be the correct thing and I placed him at a St. Louis quad. After copying several messages with marked capability he was left to shift for himself. Presently I heard him blurt out a line of talk more vigorous than elegant, and he followed it up with an explanatory statement. Said he:

"'What d'ye think o' that! Here's a line o' telegraphic literature from some guy in St. Lou that fills seven sheets o'clip an' he winds 'er up with 'particulars by mail.'"

"That," said Superintendent Richards of the Postal,, "is something like the telegram I saw a while ago. The check read: '742 D. H.,' and the last line was "Will write fully.'"

The Young Operator's Mistake.

C. B. Riggs of the John Deere Plow company was formerly a train dispatcher. He tells the following story:

"Once there was a youngster acting as night operator at a station close to Topeka who was not a very swift telegrapher. 'Cub' operators, or 'plugs,' as they are called, often find it difficult to 'receive' messages correctly. Frequently wrong words are set down and from combinations not easily understood. There had been an unusually heavy rain and the underpinning of the freight house at Leavenworth began to sink. The building inspector filed a telegram addressed to the general foreman, who was on a train bound for Topeka. The message was transmitted to the cub of whom I have spoken. As written it read:

"'Foundation under freight house needs attention at once.'

"As delivered to the general foreman the dis-

patch contained a rather startling bit of information. It said:

"'Found a lion under the freight house. Needs attention' at once," to which he replied briefly: 'Feed the lion and notify the live stock agent.'"

WHY IT WAS LATE.

What an Irishman's Fidelity to Orders Did for the Alton's "Hummer."

The Alton "Hummer" was thirty-five minutes late into Kansas City recently, which is so unusual as to excite comment.

T. J. Burns, the Alton's western representative, was passing through the depot shortly after the arrival of the train.

"Hello Burns!" said Superintendent Sanford. "I notice the "Hummer" is tardy. How did that happen?"

"Well, replied Mr. Burns, "Conductor Jake Fell was taken sick at Mexico and the conductor of No. 87— a freight train that was waiting at Mexico for the "Hummer" to pass—was instructed to take Fell's place. The freight conductor, Hank Hannigan, has just been promoted and is anxious to do everything correctly and obey instructions implicitly. Before starting from Roodhouse on No. 87 he had received a message directing him to get seven cars of coal at Higbee and take to Slater."

"When the "Hummer" stopped in the depot," continued Mr. Burns, "I asked Hannigan what had delayed the train. Without answering my question he handed me a crumpled piece of paper. I unfolded it and read:

"'Conductor Hannigan, Roodhouse: Move 7 cars coal, Higbee to Slater, without fail.'

"'Did you haul the coal?' I inquired.

"'Faith an' I did," replied Hank.

"And that," concluded Mr. Burns, "is why the "Hummer" is thirty-five minutes late."

REFUSED TO BE DISCHARGED.

A Railway Brakeman Who Kept Himself at Work.

In Kansas the railroads have a good deal of difficulty in providing competent men to fill vacancies in the train crews and other positions which do not offer attractions that are especially inviting.

At each division terminal there is usually maintained a "crew board" upon which is written in chalk twice a day a list of conductors and brakemen available for the following twelve hours. This list is posted by the "caller" or some other employe familiar with the situation, and from it men are chosen to fill the various runs.

One day an accident happened which caused some dismay at headquarters for, aside from breaking up some cars and tearing up some track, it

shattered the plans of the superintendent, who was about to start upon a vacation trip.

Investigation developed that a brakeman had forgotten to close a switch properly and the following train ran into it, with the result noted above.

The brakeman was dismissed forthwith. Six weeks later the superintendent boarded a freight train at a way station on the division, and, mounting the "dog-house" steps in the caboose, was much surprised to find the same brakeman on guard.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the surprised official.

"Workin'," replied the culprit, with a dismal grin.

"Upon whose authority?" persisted the superintendent.

"Aw! I ain't lost no time a-tall," answered the brakeman.

Further questioning brought out the fact that the industrious one had been marking up his own name upon the crew board and in that way was being called regularly to go out on the run.

Asked why he had taken such a course to keep at work he replied:

"Well, boss, my credit for grub is good as long as I keep busy, but when me 'check' stops me chuck tops!"

He is working yet.

A "HOLD-UP" THAT FAILED.

The Train Dispatcher Got \$1 Instead of Expected Hundreds.

"Every once in a while," said J. E. Smith, Chicago & Alton chief train dispatcher, "some man with plenty of money and plenty of leisure gets in an awful hurry to go somewhere. Then he charts a special train. On such occasions the train dispatcher becomes actively engaged in scattering over the line a mess of train orders to give the special the main chance. Nearly every time that such an arrangement bobs up it adds a knot of grey hairs—if he happens to have any ringlets left upon his scalp—to the head of the dispatcher.

"To be sure, the train dispatcher isn't the only person that is set on edge to see that things go right," continued Mr. Smith, "but he carries his share of the worry, all right enough."

"You dispatchers ought to join a 'don't worry club,'" interjected the janitor, who was making suds preparatory to the semi-annual scrub.

"Every time one of those cheerful spenders makes a hotfoot trip," Mr. Smith went on, "he sizes up the situation about an hour before he reaches the end of the run and sends his fiscal agent up ahead to locate the conductor. With a nice little complimentary speech, that gentleman is presented with a double eagle and a photograph of the head of the firm. The instructions are to whack up with the enginemen, of which there are several, and give the brakemen and flagman a dividend. After deducting a fair proportion for himself the conductor finds that he is able to distribute as

much as twenty-two cents each to the other employees, the dispatchers not being counted in on the deal."

"But," mused Smith reminiscently, after a pause, "Dick Davenport, an old-time friend of mine, once sprung a surprise on that kind of a combination and put some trimmings on the special that the contract failed to specify. A big gun from the grand central station was traveling special Ogden to Omaha. Just before the train left Laramie. Dick told the conductor to stop at Tie Siding for instructions. At Tie Siding, which is up on the mountains west of Cheyenne, the conductor was asked what revenue the train was to produce for the train dispatcher. The conductor began to see the light and he told Dick that a sawbuck to divide among the crew had been donated.

"'Well,' said Dick, 'you tell that there purse-proud patriarch to leave with the operator at Tie Siding for the sole and exclusive use of Dick Davenport, train dispatcher of the overland route, a check, draft, money order or crisp banknote equal in amount to what would be represented by the number on the side of his car with a dollar sign before it. The operator will then permit the train to proceed.'"

"Did the mogul unbuckle?" inquired the conductor of the plug, who was an interested listener.

"Some," said Smith. "You know that in those days the private cars of the real high-steppers were usually numbered one hundred or two hundred. Dick knew that, but he didn't know that this chap from Manhattan was using a Union Pacific car."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the stenographer.

"Nothing much," replied Smith, "only the U. P. numbers its private cars with the naughts ahead and this one was 001."

A DISPATCHER'S REPORTEE.

The Retort He Sent to the Operator in Butte.

Frank Burns, of the Alton train dispatcher's office, tells the following story:

"When I was on the Northern Pacific a special train of O. R. & N. cars showed up at Butte one day for movement to the Yellowstone National Park. The cars were occupied by a couple of railroad magnates. The cars were numbered with a cipher prefix. One of them was 02 and the other 09.

"The dispatcher at Livingston asked the operator at Butte to report what he had to go through to the park. He replied, giving the occupants of the cars, as well as the numbers, in this way:

"'02, O'Toole; 09, O'Brien.'

The dispatcher at Livingston, somewhat amazed, responded 'O, well, O, hell!'"

A TELEGRAPHIC MISTAKE.

The Trouble Caused By an Error of Just One Letter.

"I received a telegram the other evening that kept me busy for an hour before going out on my train," said John G. Alexander, conductor of the Alton's B. & E. express. "The message was signed by a gentleman who lives in Kansas City, but who spends a great deal of his time on the road. It was from Shackelford, Mo., and read:

"'Please get my overcoat and suit case from Johnston's safe and leave at Higginville.'

"It did not at once occur to me that a safe is an unusual place in which to store garments and baggage, and so I made five or six trips over the 2.74 miles of Union depot property trying to find our porter, whose name is Johnston. When I found him I asked him if he maintained upon the premises a safe for the storage of the trumpery of absent minded travelers. Thinking I was joshing him he, after finding out what I was looking for, tried to make me believe that the articles had been stolen.

"When at length I reported for my run, I tossed the message over to dispatcher E. A. Howard with the request that he tell the man at Higginville that I had not yet seen the joke. As I was about to take leave the second trick man on the east end, T. J. Carey, cut in to remark:

"'I wouldn't say that a plug operator sent that message, but I'll guarantee some ham received it; you'll find that toggerly at Johnston's cafe.'

"And sure enough," concluded Alexander, with a smile, "I did. The operator who had taken the message had mistaken the c for an s."

THE TRACK WAS TOO NARROW.

But the New Conductor Was Going Over It
Anyway.

"An amusing error was made one day while I was with the Colorado & Southern," said C. E. Carson, superintendent of the Missouri Pacific.

"Business was brisk and we had a good many extra conductors at work. Arrangements were made to run an engine and crew out of Denver one morning to go to Greeley for a train of potatoes. The conductor, a comparatively new man, misunderstood his instructions and called for running orders to Georgetown instead of Greeley. The dispatcher, himself unfamiliar with the different classes of power, issued the orders as requested.

The conductor then went to the engine. The engineer, an old head, glanced over the documents and said:

"'That's a narrow gauge track up there Bill.'

"'All right, ole man,' responded the conductor, cheerily, 'let's go.'

"'Go? The devil,' exclaimed the engineer, 'this is a broad gauge engine.'"

A SARCASTIC CATTLEMAN.

He Wired for Stock Cars, But Would Take Pullman.

"I ran across a satirical customer the other day," said Lon Mahan, general live stock agent of the Alton. "A short time ago I received from him a telegram in which he requested me to send him twenty cars to load with cattle for this market. As there are several kinds of stock cars, and of varying lengths, I wired briefly asking him what kind."

Mr. Mahan produced an envelope, in which was a telegram. As he passed it over he said:

"Here's his answer and it's a hot one." It read: "Stock cars preferred, but might use Pullman sleepers."

JONES AND THE TELEPHONE.

The Troubles of a Visitor Whose Name is Familiar.

Jones is a law-abiding citizen of a nearby town. He wrote to a friend that he expected to visit Kansas City.

The friend, an admirer of Jones, acknowledged with pleasure the letter and requested that advance notice of his expected arrival be given so that suitable preparations for entertaining him could be made.

Jones, however, wished to surprise his city acquaintance, and did not announce beforehand, the date upon which he expected to reach here. Soon after his arrival he sought a telephone with this rather discouraging result:

"Give me twenty-two-twenty-two Grand," he whispered into the transmitter after consulting the telephone directory.

"Grand, toot, toot, double toot," was what he thought he heard.

"No, no," he exclaimed; "I'm not on a grand toot—single or double."

Soon a brusque voice thundered into the receiver: "Well!"

"Is this Mr. Citiman's office?" meekly inquired the bewildered Jones.

"Huh huh!" was the brief response.

"This is Mr. Jones, of Glendale."

"Mr. What?" interrupted the voice.

"Jones!" replied the visitor. "Tell Citiman I'll

"Hello! Hello, Bones——"

"Bones be blowed! This is Jones——"

be—

"Did you say Bones?"

"Jones—Jones of Glen——"

"All right, Mr. Bones, to whom do you wish to speak?"

"Mr. Citiman. I'm a friend of ——"

"He is very busy just now. Wait a moment."

"Pardon me, Miss," said Jones several minutes later. "but will you please give me the Grand toot toot again, and tell the young man at the other end of the crossing whistle to tell Mr. Citiman that Mr. Jones of Glendale, wishes to talk to him, at least long enough to express an opinion of him?"

"Spell it!"

"Spell it yourself. You just drag out a city direc-

tory and look at the Js. The one there's the most of is it."

"All right," said the voice; "call up again in about three days. It will take me that long to look up all the Jays that have their names in the directory."

"And Jones has retired to Glendale with an improved opinion of that village. It has no telephones."

"THE RAILROAD SHIRKER."

And Some Other Good Stories by the Train Dispatcher.

"As every railroad man knows," said H. L. Brownson, chief dispatcher of the Union Pacific," it is quite a problem to keep the line from becoming littered with 'bad order' cars. Every time a hot box is set out, or a drawhead yanked out, I don't let the locals have any peace until they are towed to the end of the division. I bumped into a smooth shirk the other day. There was one of those big Pennsylvania steel frame box cars containing fifty tons of wheat standing out here at Lawrence. The load had been cut out with a hot hub. There was only one brass on the division big enough for the car. Smooth Shirk had that I instructed him to brass and move the car. He replied:

"'Cannot brass P. R. R. 41144 as the jack I have is too small.'

"Says I to myself: 'I'll fix that young man in a minute.'

Presently I tossed over to my operator a sample of my penmanship, addressed to the shirk, which read:

"'There is a car of scrapiron at Muncie with a broken drawhead; chain it up and take forward.'

"The train didn't even slow up at Muncie, and what do you think the rascal handed back at me? His answer read: 'Can't chain up the scrap; my chain is too big.'"

Colonel Jewett Tells a Story.

"Away back before the boom, railway officials were not, as a rule, chosen for their education so much as for their practical knowledge and experience," said E. S. Jewett, of the Missouri Pacific. "Jim Dalbey, superintendent of terminals, was one of God's noblemen and an unpolished diamond of the early days; gruff as a cow puncher; tender-hearted as—as a cow puncher. During one of the Indian outbreaks there was a heavy movement of troops through Kansas City. Some of them were sent here from up river by boat thence by rail to the scene of the disturbance. One day there was scheduled a movement of uncommon importance and Jim issued to his subordinates detailed instructions covering the transfer of impedimenta, placing of passenger cars, and so forth.

"A close friend of Mr. Dalbey had died and the funeral was set for the morning of the day upon which the troop movement was to take place. Jim desired to participate in the last sad rites and left his office for that purpose, feeling assured of the prompt and correct execution of his orders. He

was, therefore, much amazed upon his return three hours later, to find that little or nothing had been accomplished. He was not long, however, in setting an example of energy and enthusiasm which quickly spread to the troops and in a short time the baggage was loaded, the cars assembled into trains and everything ready to proceed westward."

"A young lieutenant," Colonel Jewett went on, "who had observed the sudden display of activity, approached the superintendent and with all the dignity and self-assurance he could muster addressed him thus:

"'Sir-r-r, as officer of the day, I propose to exercise my prerogative—!'"

"'G'wan,' interrupted Jim, 'er I'll take yer prerogative and run it clean through ye!"

"Colonel Smiles of the regiment, with difficulty suppressd his merriment and settled the misunderstanding by explaining what Jim's duties were.

"Three weeks later Jim received from the old man—as General Superintendent A. W. Dickinson was affectionately known—a request for an explanation. The file carried a voluminous array of correspondence originating with the young lieutenant, who quoted correctly the treasonable utterances and sought solace for his wounded pride.

"To his stenographer Mr. Dalbey dictated this reply:

"'Dear Sir:—I can only plead in extenuation of the incivility of which Lieutenant Whatshisname complains that my early education was sadly neglected. I thought a prerogative was, perhaps, an implement of warfare, and me unarmed.'"

Sheridan and the Scalped Pass.

"You remember Harry Sheridan, who used to be division superintendent here," said Chief Dispatcher James W. Smith of the Wyandotte & Northwestern. "One day one of our passenger conductors, a half hour before leaving time, reported sick. I called upon Mr. Sheridan for advice. He is an all around performer, having been everything from telegrapher to train dispatcher, and from switchman to superintendent. He lost no time in reaching the train and himself acted as conductor to Beatrice and back.

"A few days before I had laid off an operator in the office here whose name shall be Jones. He asked for and was granted a round trip pass over the road, as he expressed a desire to go to Lincoln in search of employment. While taking up the tickets on the return trip from Beatrice, Mr. Sheridan came upon the pass which read in favor of my erstwhile operator, but which was presented by a man a stranger to him.

"What's your name?" asked the substitute conductor.

"Jones."

"Where'd you get this pass?"

"Why?"

"Where'd you get it?"

"Down to the dispatcher's office."

"No, you didn't—where'd you get it? Who are you anyhow?"

"Why I'm Jones, the operator in Sheridan's office."

"See here, bub," said Sheridan, who is a good man to let alone, "I ain't goin' to put you off, but if you don't hand me five bucks and two bits in three seconds and a quarter, I'll just break you in two. I need the exercise—and the money."

"The lad came down with the dough, and Sheridan was happy," concluded Smith.

"Why," he was asked, "do railway men take such pleasure in increasing the earnings of the company they represent?"

"Increase the company earnings," repeated Smith with a merry twinkle, "Guess again!"

Wallace and the Wheat.

"Along about now," said C. G. Wallace, the car distributor at Alton headquarters, "a man in my business don't have no trouble or nothin'. Take an' look at this form. It shows the numbers and initials of all cars on hand at the station named. Then there at the top is a lot of code letters. 'A' indicates 'box car good for grain.' Other letters refer to some other classification. Half the time the fellow that makes this report is a kid or a messenger boy and don't know what he's a-puttin' down. Well, we was shy of cars the other day and I spotted an empty down to Louisiana marked 'A' or it looked like 'A' to me. So I took and telegraphed the agent to 'bill it to Kansas City and rush.' We put her on the red ball fast freight and here she lands in Kansas City bright and early the next mornin'.

After receiving a load over the telephone from some one with a real or fancied grievance, Mr. Wallace continued:

"The yardmaster took and called me up and says:

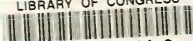
"'What's that New York Central 23923 in here for?"

"I looks her up and told him to take and load that car to Chicago with wheat, because the car belonged home to the Lake Shore there.

"'All right,' says the yardmaster, 'but I guess they'll kick on loadin' wheat on a flat car.'"

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